MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS,

AN

HISTORICAL BALLAD;

WITH

Other Poems.

BY A LADY.

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MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS:

AN

HISTORICAL BALLAD.

"WHY is my charmer's lip ſo pale?
"Why are his eyes ſo dim?
"Why does an icy chill prevail
"O'er ev'ry torpid limb?

"In vain his paſſive hand I preſs,
"While mine with anguiſh burns!
"Unconſcious of the fond careſs,
"No preſſure it returns.

"No more his breath's reviving balm
"My trembling lip can feel!
"Ah, why does this oppreſſive calm
"O'er all his ſenſes ſteal?

"My only love! we muſt not part!
"Thy precious life I'll ſave,
"Or ever claſp thee to my heart,
"And ſhare thy early grave."

So Mary, Sorrow's youthful prey,
A dying huſband mourn'd;
Her bridal garments, late ſo gay,
To wreaths of cypreſs turn'd.

A parching fever ſeiz'd her frame,
Uſurping Reaſon's throne,
And ſtill ſhe call'd on Francis' name,
And thought him ſtill her own.

Too ſoon this mental ſleep was o'er,
That eas'd a tortur'd brain;
Of paſt delight ſhe dreams no more,
But wakes to preſent pain.

Exceſs of pain produc'd relief,
Too ſharp the pang to laſt,
And time had wove, in ſpite of grief,
A veil to hide the paſt.

When ſoft content, that ſtranger gueſt,
(Return'd, alas! ſo late,)
Is chas'd from Mary's gentle breaſt
By heavy cares of ſtate;

The realm her anceſtors had ſway'd,
Where fierce contention glows,
Demands a preſent ſov'reign's aid
Its factions to compoſe.

Hither ſhe haſtens to ſupport
Her faſt-declining pow'r,
Condemn'd to leave the poliſh'd court
She rul'd in happier hour.

Ah, what avail the ſplendid train
That on her footſteps wait,
The barge that glitters o'er the main,
The pomp of regal ſtate?

White was the foam that onward flow'd,
Her veſſel to purſue;
More white the lily hand ſhe ſhow'd
To wave a laſt adieu.

Bright were the ſun's reflected rays,
Swift glancing o'er the wave;
More ſweetly bright the liquid blaze
Her tearful eyelids gave.

Till darkneſs veil'd it from her view
She gaz'd upon the ſhore;
"Adieu! thou land belov'd, adieu!
"I ne'er ſhall ſee thee more."

Soon the impervious gloom of night
This fading joy oppos'd;
No more pale Ev'ning's doubtful light
The glimm'ring ſcene diſclos'd.

Yet Mary on the deck remain'd,
And thought the daſhing wave,
As oft ſhe mournfully complain'd,
A mournful anſwer gave.

A calm, like Nature's laſt repoſe,
Lulls all the dying gales;
O'er the ſmooth ſea no zephyr blows,
Or ſports amid the ſails.

France and the dawn now reappear
To Mary's watchful eye;
Half pleas'd, she drops a softer tear—
She breathes a milder sigh.

But with the morn returns a breeze
To mock her secret pray'r;
The swift-receding shore she sees
Melt into viewless air.

That parting pang absorb'd her soul;
Unseen, blue light'ning flies;
Unmark'd, tumultuous billows roll;
Unheard, loud winds arise.

The furious tempest howls in vain;
In vain the waters roar;
Her vessel lives upon the main;
She sees the destin'd shore;

Sees craggy mountains, half display'd,
Half hid by nodding pines,
Athwart whose awful depth of shade
The foaming torrent shines.

Sublime the tow'ring cliffs arose;
But softer views than these
A mind oppress'd by recent woes
Reanimate and please.

Mary, advancing to the land,
Shrinks from the novel scene,
Though Scottish nobles crowd the strand
To hail their beauteous Queen.

Who could behold and not admire,
Form'd as she was to charm!
Her glance the frozen heart might fire,
Her smile the fierce disarm.

Fair as a youthful poet's dream,
What pencil ſhall preſume
To paint her eyes' ethereal beam,
Or emulate her bloom?

Ah! how that bloom with changeful hue
Betray'd her ſoft alarms,
When Darnly flaſh'd upon her view
In all his blaze of charms!

She mark'd the pure and vivid glow
That mantled o'er his cheek;
The ſmile, diſcloſing lucid ſnow;
The glance that ſeem'd to ſpeak.

She mark'd his poliſh'd brow, half ſeen,
Half hid by auburn hair,
His native dignity of mien,
His all-commanding air.

Fancy and Love together flew,
Her yielding heart to warm;
There of his mind a picture drew
Congenial to his form.

But Nature on his form and face
Had all her art employ'd:
Without, was ev'ry winning grace;
Within, a dreary void.

Skill'd in whate'er attracts the eye;
To guide the chariot's speed,
Instruct the tow'ring hawk to fly,
Or tame the fiery steed;

Lead the gay dance with sportive ease,
Or throw th' unerring dart:
How could he fail, with gifts like these,
To melt a female heart?

For women, won by outward ſhow,
The fate of Indians prove;
And for deluſive toys beſtow
The gold of genuine love.

While rival Princes ſue in vain,
Behold th' enamour'd fair
Aſſume th' indiſſoluble chain,
And deem it "light as air."

But ſoon ſhe feels its growing weight,
As circling hours diſcloſe
Defects, obſerv'd, alas! too late
In him ſhe raſhly choſe.

Love's tranſient bloſſoms, frail as fair,
Are born to bloom and die;
Fatal the blaſt of chill deſpair,
Or rapture's burning ſky:

But if Eſteem's perennial root
Suſtain the brilliant flow'r,
Lo! we behold ambroſial fruit
That ripens ev'ry hour.

No joy like this *her* fate beſtows;
Her ſorrows never ceaſe;
Inſidious friends, inſulting foes,
Conſpire againſt her peace:

A lawleſs prieſthood, who deteſt
Each tenet ſhe believes;
A rival Queen, whoſe envious breaſt
Superior beauty grieves:

A faithleſs Lord, whoſe vacant heart
No ſenſe of honour warms,
Unfit to act a monarch's part,
Regardleſs of her charms.

Say what can ſooth diſtreſs like this,
The tide of grief control,
Call back the fleeting form of bliſs,
And cheer the drooping ſoul?

Celeſtial Harmony, alone,
Omnipotent her ſway;
Subdu'd, around her echoing throne,
The Paſſions all obey.

Soften'd were Mary's poignant woes,
The lute when Rizzio held;
But when his melting voice aroſe,
All ſorrow was diſpell'd.

Her ev'ning hours, by him endear'd,
Aſſum'd a fairer hue;
While muſic charm'd, and converſe cheer'd,
On downy wing they flew.

By friends the feſtive board was grac'd,
Selected from the throng;
Next to the Queen was Rizzio plac'd;
Her ſmiles reward his ſong.

A melancholy ſtrain he choſe,
So ſimple, ſweet, and wild,
His hearers, ere the plaintive cloſe,
Were of themſelves beguil'd.

Such notes had ev'ry care expell'd,
Lull'd ev'ry mental ſtorm,
When, lo! each ſwimming eye beheld
Lord Ruthven's fatal form.

By ſickneſs wan, by malice grim,
Fix'd in a deadly ſtare,
(Dark armour caſing ev'ry limb,)
His fiery eyeballs glare.

His voice the fearful ſilence broke;
Sepulchral was the tone;
A lurking dagger, as he ſpoke,
Beſt made his purpoſe known.

And now a deſp'rate band are ſeen;
Their ſov'reign leads them on;
Diſtraction in his alter'd mien,
Reproaches on his tongue.

The laſt keen ſting of injur'd love
In Mary's boſom glows,
As he who ſhould her guardian prove,
Appears among her foes.

At Rizzio's breaſt fierce Ruthven aims;
Too well the blow ſucceeds;
In vain ſhe weeps, in vain exclaims—
Her hapleſs fav'rite bleeds.

Th' aſſaſſins check her feeble aid;
He bleeds before her eyes;
And thence, by brutal force convey'd,
A mangled victim dies.

From Italy's enchanting coaſt
The tuneful wand'rer came;
No treaſures did the minſtrel boaſt;
No titles deck'd his name,

Till Mary's favour rais'd him high,
And Envy did the reſt:
Swift her envenom'd arrows fly
To torture Darnley's breaſt.

Miſguided man! the trait'rous hand
On whom thy favour ſhines,
For cauſeleſs vengeance arm thy hand
To ſerve their dark deſigns.

Thy ſoul for them is ſtain'd with guilt;
Thy honour lightly priz'd;
The blood of innocence is ſpilt;
The bond of love deſpis'd.

Yet when th' abyſs was half reveal'd,
To which their footſteps led,
Where bold Rebellion, unconceal'd,
Rear'd his audacious head;

Then Darnley, ſhuddering on the brink,
Aghaſt ſurvey'd the ſcene;
From guilt ſo black behold him ſhrink;
Behold him guard his queen.

Contending parties ſhake the ſtate,
And, lo! in proſp'rous hour,
To turn the tide of Mary's fate,
Her foes are in her pow'r.

In vain, alas! ſhe cannot bend
To act a prudent part:—
A vanquiſh'd foe ſeems half a friend
To ev'ry gen'rous heart.

Yet, as all Nature were in arms,
Her fondeſt hopes to blight,
'Mid freſh contentions, new alarms,
Her child beheld the light.

But nothing can the charm deſtroy
Maternal love imparts;
Unſullied ſource of pureſt joy!
Sweet balm of wounded hearts!

She feels her throbbing breaſt expand;
She feels new paſſions ſpring;
But, ah! diſeaſe, with heavy hand,
Attacks the youthful King.

His errors vaniſh from her thought;
Reſentment wakes no more;
And pardon for a father's fault
Her infant ſeems t'implore.

Such freſhneſs as the dews impart
In ſome half-wither'd flow'r,
Reanimates the drooping heart
In reconcilement's hour.

But ev'ry joy it might afford,
Her wayward fates deny,
Who ſees a form ſhe once ador'd
In fev'riſh mis'ry lie.

Her ſoft endearments ſooth his pains,
The lamp of life relume,
Expel the poiſon from his veins,
Reſtore his wonted bloom.

Pleas'd his returning bloom to ſee,
She ne'er ſuſpends her care,
Until a damſel, on her knee,
Prefers this earneſt pray'r:

"If e'er my faith and zeal were tried,
"Oh grant my firſt requeſt;
"And be the hour that hails me bride,
"By thy dear preſence bleſt."

That uſeful ſcience to refuſe,
The Queen could never gain;
Empower'd by each lib'ral Muſe
All others to attain.

She ſilenc'd oft the maid's requeſt;
As oft it was renew'd;
Till, too importunately preſt,
Her firmneſs was ſubdu'd.

A thouſand ſtrange foreboding fears
Her anxious boſom ſwell,
As intermingling ſmiles with tears
She bids the King farewell.

For with a more unwilling breaſt
No warbler of the grove
E'er left the little precious neſt
That centred all her love.

Sure there is ſome myſterious pow'r
Of Nature undefin'd,
Forerunner of pale Mis'ry's hour,
Within the human mind.

'T was this depreſs'd the penſive Queen
Through all the tedious night;
In vain the maſque, fantaſtic ſcene,
Courts her averted ſight:

More pleas'd to view the riſing ſun
Each ſullen vapour chaſe;
In hope, before his courſe was run,
Her Darnley to embrace.

Ah! ceaſe to form the waking dream!
Bid faithleſs Hope depart:
No more that ſun's enliv'ning beam
Shall warm his clay-cold heart.

His treſſes, waving to the blaſt,
Are bath'd in morning dew;
His cheek, on earth's-cold boſom caſt,
Has loſt its roſeate hue.

So falls the lovely mountain aſh
Beneath the woodman's arm;
So, ſcorch'd by lightning's vivid flaſh,
Reſigns each vernal charm.

Involv'd the dark tranſaction lay,
In Myſt'ry's ſable ſhroud,
Repelling each intruſive ray
That ſought to pierce the cloud;

Till Hiſtory's reverted eye
The doubtful proſpect clears,
Unfolding crimes of deepeſt die,
Purſu'd through rolling years.

She ſees Lord Murray's ſubtle mind,
Intent on regal pow'r,
The ties of nature all unbind,
And guide that fatal hour;

Sees how he pointed Bothwell's aim
To Scotland's envied crown;
And ſmil'd to think ſo weak a claim
Muſt wither at his frown.

While Bothwell, with vain hope elate,
Expands the flutt'ring ſail,
Intent, from ev'ry breath of fate,
To catch a proſp'rous gale;

Full well he knew that nought was done,
Though murder ſtain'd the hour,
Until the mournful Queen was won
To ſhare her throne and pow'r.

To win her was no eaſy taſk;
A thouſand wiles he tried;
And long conceal'd, with faireſt maſk,
His perfidy and pride.

But when he ſeiz'd his beauteous prize,
To fraud uniting force,
Say, did no gallant chief ariſe
To curb his daring courſe?

Alas! no gallant chief aroſe
In that diſgraceful ſcene;
No loyal ſubjects interpoſe
To free their captive Queen.

Bewilder'd in the maze of Fate,
O'ercome by thouſand fears,
From ſo forlorn, ſo ſad a ſtate,
One path alone appears:

And that to Hymen's awful fane
Her erring ſteps inclin'd;
A fancied freedom to regain,
A real chain to bind.

Malignant fiends! with plotting pale
The fatal knot is tied:
So far your deep-laid ſchemes prevail,
Your Queen is Bothwell's bride.

Ill-fated bride! oh, had ſhe known
Whoſe ſacred blood he ſhed,
Reluctance had to horror grown,
Or into madneſs ſpread.

Now Murray ſeeks to ſtain her fame
With falſehood well diſguis'd;
Perfidiouſly behold him blame
The act he once advis'd.

No kind congratulating eye
Illuminates the gloom;
Rebellion lifts his ſtandard high,
And waves his crimſon plume.

That ſullen form, Domeſtic War,
In horrid ſplendour ſhines,
As thund'ring from his brazen car
He hovers o'er the lines.

But what a tide of anguiſh flow'd
In Mary's gentle breaſt,
While through embattled ranks ſhe rode,
By countleſs cares oppreſs'd!

The riſing tear obſcur'd her view,
As fancy would pourtray
How many bleeding hearts muſt rue
"The fortunes of that day."

Her huſband, wrapt in gloomy thought,
Fear'd for himſelf alone,
And felt how dearly he had bought
The ſhadow of a throne.

Now e'en that ſhadow from his ſight
With ſwift evaſion glides;
His heartleſs ſoldiers ſhun the fight,
And ev'ry hope ſubſides.

His haraſs'd Queen conſents to yield;
Her foes beſpeak her fair;
Alone he quits the bloodleſs field,
Abandon'd to deſpair.

'T is thus, when raging billows ſwell,
Two veſſels, far from ſhore,
In tempeſts take a laſt farewell,
And part to meet no more.

Scarce did this joyleſs union know
Of one ſhort moon the date,
When nuptial vows from int'reſt flow;
Such their untimely fate.

Murray's cabal, of conqueſt proud,
In ſmiles triumphant beam:
So lightning gilds the ſable cloud
With momentary gleam.

Ere Echo's voice could well repeat
The promiſe they had made,
Their unſuſpicious Queen to cheat,
That promiſe was betray'd.

No mode of inſult they neglect
To royalty ſubdu'd;
Defraud her of their ow'd reſpect;
Revile in language rude.

To a rebellious rabble ſhown
In this degraded ſtate;
An hour ſo ſad was yet unknown
Through all her chequer'd fate.

Another, yet more ſad, aroſe,
Of yet a darker hue;
For, lo! a ſcene of dread repoſe,
A gloomy, hopeleſs view!

A lonely caſtle rear'd its head,
With antique turrets crown'd,
Which o'er the lake beneath it ſpread
For centuries had frown'd.

There the grim form of wan Deſpair
To Terror's glance ſucceeds,
Through grated windows as they glare,
And tell of nameleſs deeds.

Each echoing ſound the heart appals,
Or hints ſome deep deſign;
Yet, oh! within theſe dreary walls
Was Mary left to pine.

To ſilent grief, and treatment rude,
She there had fall'n a prey,
Could tow'rs or battlements exclude
Love's all-pervading ray.

Though ne'er her guardian's breaſt of ſteel
To pity gave acceſs,
His brother had a heart to feel
For beauty in diſtreſs.

Yes, Douglas, in thy gen'rous breaſt
Each noble paſſion glows:
The pang for innocence diſtreſs'd,
Th' intent to brave her foes.

The ardent wiſh thy worth to prove
By deeds of high renown,
Compaſſion, loyalty, and love,
The fair aſſemblage crown.

How did thy heart exulting leap
The priſon-doors to ope,
When all was ſunk in balmy ſleep,
Save Love and trembling Hope!

Through many a chill and darkſome way
Thy grateful charge was led;
Through deep-reſounding vaults, where lay
The long-forgotten dead;

Through halls where maſſy columns riſe,
Where painted caſements gleam,
And nearly rob thine eager eyes
Of Cynthia's pallid beam.

With doubtful joy, too near allied
To tremulous affright,
So Orpheus led his far-ſought bride
Through realms of endleſs night.

At length they feel the freſhen'd breeze
Riſe from the lake below,
And there the caſtle's pond'rous keys
A votive gift beſtow.

The placid ſpirit of the wave,
Reclin'd on willows dank,
A tuneful, thrilling murmur gave,
That crept from bank to bank.

Full many a keen, impatient eye,
Their little bark deſcried;
Full many a warrior's heart beat high
Againſt his ſteel-clad ſide.

Mary, with ev'ry nerve new ſtrung,
And ev'ry thought ſerene,
Light on the bank exulting ſprung,
And felt once more a Queen.

Encircled by a choſen band
Who bore her from her foes,
The morning breeze her boſom fann'd
Before ſhe ſought repoſe.

Nor by inſipid ſleep entranc'd
Were then her mental pow'rs;
Viſions of hope around her danc'd,
And ſtrew'd her couch with flow'rs.

Such viſions floating in her mind,
When ſlumber was diſpell'd,
How ſweet in real life to find
Their airy tints excell'd!

With ſecret joy, and conſcious pride,
The feeling heart o'erflows,
When friendſhip, by misfortune tried,
A purer luſtre ſhows.

Where'er her kindling glances turn'd,
The brave freſh ardour knew,
Intenſe the flame of valour burn'd,
Swords from their ſcabbards flew *.

* *Burke.*—"I thought a thouſand ſwords would have leaped from their ſcabbards."

All the ſublimer virtues riſe
To combat on her ſide;
But Prudence, with averted eyes,
Her uſeful aid denied.

Soft ſtealing through nocturnal glooms,
Departs the cautious pow'r;
Her lamp Lord Murray's tent illumes,
And gilds his penſive hour.

Ye who on light occaſions feel
Unequal pulſes beat,
The life-blood round your hearts congeal,
And from your cheeks retreat,

Think what ſuſpenſe *her* boſom rends,
Spectatreſs of the ſtrife,
On whoſe eventful cloſe depends
The colour of her life;

And think, as from the wood-crown'd height
She eyes the bloody field,
Marks each viciſſitude of fight,
And ſees her army yield,

What ſcorpion thoughts around her heart
Cling with envenom'd fangs,
While Terror's airy, ſhapeleſs dart,
Still threatens fiercer pangs.

Through tangled wood and dewy dell
The trembling Beauty flies,
And fancies ev'ry breeze to ſwell
With war's tremendous cries.

Not ſwifter is the falling ſtar,
And, ah! not half ſo bright,
That ſhoots by Cynthia's ſilver car,
Dazzling the eye of Night.

The torrent thund'ring from the hill,
Or whiſp'ring ſhrub below,
Alike her ſicken'd ſenſes chill,
And paint her cheek with ſnow.

Awhile ſhe ſinks in ſtill repoſe,
To dumb deſpair reſign'd;
But ſoon from this depreſſion roſe
Her firm, unconquer'd mind.

"All is not loſt," ſhe ſparkling cried;
"Nor clos'd is yet the ſcene;
"One gen'rous friend remains untried—
"That friend a ſiſter Queen.

"Bound in Oppreſſion's chain of ſteel,
"'T was once her lot to groan;
"And ſure ſhe then was taught to feel
"For ſorrows like her own.

" Then why, by timorous delay,
" Inſult her offer'd love,
" Or in this realm reluctant ſtay,
" Freſh injuries to prove?"

" Recall thoſe words," the Prelate ſaid,
Who, with paternal care,
Guarded his Princeſs as ſhe fled,
And pour'd the helpleſs pray'r.

Down drops the crozier from his hand;
His rev'rend form he bows;
His arms in ſuppliant guiſe expand;
Indented are his brows.

" Recall," he cries, " the raſh decree;
" Behold thy proſtrate friend,
" Who little thought th' imploring knee
" To aught, ſave Heav'n, to bend.

" Yet, lovely victim, pauſe awhile,
" Ere thou ſo blindly truſt
" A ſpecious rival, full of guile,
" Envious, ſevere, unjuſt.

" Paſs not her kingdom's utmoſt bound;
" Pauſe o'er that awful bourn;
" Once paſt, 't will yawn (a gulf profound),
" Precluding all return."

Though vain his words, and vain his tears,
From ſympathy ſhe wept;
Then, ſmiling, ſought to calm his fears,
Yet ſtill her purpoſe kept.

Alas! how often do we find
Misfortune's rigid lore
With obſtinacy taint a mind
Too flexible before!

The road Suſpicion never found
To Mary's artleſs breaſt;
And ſoon, too ſoon, on Engliſh ground
Her haſty footſteps reſt.

Her guardian angel o'er his eyes
Folds each ambroſial wing;
His boſom heaves—celeſtial ſighs
Diffuſe the ſweets of ſpring.

The trembling object of his cares,
Before ſhe ſeeks repoſe,
For England's artful Queen prepares
The ſtory of her woes.

With ſecret joy Eliza read,
Yet unimpaſſion'd air,
Exulting in the net ſhe ſpread
A rival to enſnare.

On ſubtlety ſhe now refines,
And with inſidious ſtrain
Around her beauteous victim twines
An adamantine chain:

Then from her eye, by ſlow degrees,
Bids Liberty depart,
And Hope's warm ſummer current freeze
Congealing round her heart.

Immur'd ere half her courſe was run;
A Queen, without a throne;
A mother, yet without a ſon,
Sad, helpleſs, and alone;

To ſolitude's unvarying gloom,
From ſocial pleaſures hurl'd,
In beauty's full luxuriant bloom,
Secluded from the world;

As ling'ring creep her tedious years,
Monotonous and ſlow,
In long perſpective ſtill appears
Unutterable woe.

What wondrous pow'r can reconcile
To life, in ſcenes like theſe,
Can teach Diſtreſs to wear a ſmile,
Adverſity to pleaſe?

'T is ſhe who ſmooths the rugged way
That Slavery muſt tread,
Compels Deſpair to yield his prey,
Supports the captive's head.

'T is ſhe who lights the drearieſt cave
Where lonely Anguiſh pines,
Who to the portals of the grave
Her brighteſt torch aſſigns.

Fair emanation of the ſkies,
Religion, heav'nly maid,
On thee the ſuff'ring ſaint relies;
To thee ſhe calls for aid.

As through the lonely glade ſhe roves,
(Indulgence oft denied,)
And mourns amid embow'ring groves,
Still thou art by her ſide:

Nor abſent when ſhe fondly bends
To frame the ſplendid veſt,
With ev'ry ſhining flowret blends
The ſorrows of her breaſt;

And ſighs to think the ſenſeleſs gold
Her ſlender fingers trace,
That much-lov'd ſon ſhall ſoon enfold,
Whom ſhe may ne'er embrace.

But when ſhe turns the ſacred page,
Thy preſence moſt is felt,
When truths divine her mind engage,
And heav'nly tranſports melt.

An hour ſo tranquil never ſhines
On that relentleſs dame,
Whoſe acrimonious boſom pines
In Envy's waſting flame.

Within a priſon's cheerleſs round,
Sunk in a captive ſtate,
Though eighteen circling ſuns had found
The victim of her hate;

That baleful paſſion nought can cloy;
It feeds upon her heart,
Shuts ev'ry avenue to joy,
Seems of herſelf a part.

At laſt behold the torrent roll,
And riſe to ſuch exceſs,
The guilty dictates of her ſoul
No pity can repreſs.

While pleaſure lurks in either eye,
Behold her wither'd hand
Condemn the Scottiſh Queen to die,
And ſpeed the dire command.

The Scottiſh Queen ſurvey'd the ſcroll
With firm unalter'd cheek;
Her air, the tranſcript of her ſoul,
Magnanimous and meek.

Between the mandate and the deed,
That ſham'd the morning light,
Were but a few dark hours decreed—
A ſingle winter's night.

And yet in that contracted ſpace,
(Short paſſage to the tomb!)
As many virtues as might grace
A long exiſtence, bloom.

With fond addreſſes to her friends,
Her rapid pen o'erflows;
And full forgiveneſs ſhe extends
To all her callous foes.

Around her faithful ſervants preſs;
Their grief too deep for ſpeech;
With aſpect kind, and ſoft addreſs,
She bids farewell to each.

While they retire to wake and weep,
And dread the riſing dawn,
Compos'd ſhe ſinks in balmy ſleep,
From ev'ry pang withdrawn;

And ſees, in lucid robes array'd,
Aerial ſeraphs fly,
Whoſe branching palms thoſe glories ſhade,
Too bright for mortal eye.

Still in her mind the viſion glows,
And o'er each feature beams,
As pale the conſcious morn aroſe
In faint and ſickly gleams.

Compos'd ſhe ſlept, triumphant wakes,
Above all earthly care,
With ſtep ſublime her couch forſakes,
And pours her ſoul in pray'r.

Arrives the meſſenger of death;
For, lo! her hour was come!
Awe-ſtruck, he trembles, pants for breath,
Unconquerably dumb.

She reads his meſſage in his eyes;
Then, with no weak delay,
Short'ning her commerce with the ſkies,
Intrepid leads the way.

With ſhrieks, and lamentation loud,
Her women fill the air;
Around the block a weeping crowd
Their piercing ſorrows ſhare.

By warm devotion now impell'd,
Her lip with ardent kiſs
Imprints the ſacred ſign ſhe held,
Sole pledge of future bliſs.

And now her ſnowy neck ſhe bends,
Raiſes her ſwimming eyes,
Claſps her white hands, her form extends—
The axe—alas!—ſhe dies!

LADY NOTTINGHAM's CONFESSION:

AN

HISTORICAL BALLAD.

EXTENDED on the bed of death,
Lo! Nottingham's pale Counteſs lies,
Strives to retain her fleeting breath,
And rolls her inexpreſſive eyes.

Severely flaſhing gloomy fires,
By fits they light the darkſome ſcene,
As oft ſhe tremulous inquires
If yet arriv'd the ling'ring Queen.

At length the folding-doors uncloſe,
And great Elizabeth appears,
Whoſe pallid viſage clearly ſhows
That once ſhe feels a woman's fears:

For ſouls unmov'd on Danger's brink,
In ſanguine fields, or whelming tides,
With ſtrange ambiguous terror ſhrink,
Near the dim couch where Death preſides.

Long was the ſilence—deep the ſighs;
At length the ſuff'rer rais'd her head:
"Behold this ring," ſhe faintly cries,
And panting, preſt th' uneaſy bed.

Eliza gaz'd—and gazing felt
The pangs of ſlighted love return;
A thouſand ſoft ſenſations melt;
A thouſand fiery paſſions burn.

O'er her wan cheek the waving bluſh
Declares the conflict in her breaſt,
Where all thoſe tender feelings ruſh,
That time and rage had long ſuppreſs'd.

To Eſſex mould'ring in his tomb,
A ſigh, a tear, was ſurely due;
But ſoon the heart that ſeal'd his doom,
Could triumph o'er remembrance too.

And thus ſhe frames the ſtern reply:
"That hated ring offends my ſight;
"Hide it from ev'ry human eye,
"Deep in Oblivion's endleſs night.

"In Paſſion's warm meridian hour,
"That gem my fervent fondneſs gave,
"To one who learn'd to ſcorn my pow'r,
"Deſpiſe my love—my vengeance brave.

" Take this, I cried, and ſhould the tongue
" Of Malice blaſt thy laurel crown,
" Should envious rivals do thee wrong,
" Or I, e'en I, unjuſtly frown;

" Nay, couldſt thou, Eſſex, faithleſs prove,
" Couldſt thou incur a traitor's lot,
" Produce this ſparkling pledge of love,
" And all, I ſwear, ſhall be forgot.

" Yes, had his overweening pride
" Vouchſaf'd that promiſe to recall,
" My gallant hero had not died,
" Nor I, in ſecret, wept his fall."

" Didſt thou in ſecret weep his fall?
" Thy tears will drown my ſtruggling ſoul;
" I hear the fiends of vengeance call!
" I ſee the blood-ſtain'd billows roll!'

" Vindictive Eſſex, from his grave,
" I ſee all pale and wan ariſe;
" Not ſuch as when this ring he gave,
" To wake compaſſion in thine eyes.

" Then Hope within his boſom glow'd;
" Her roſes bloſſom'd on his cheek;
" His lip with eloquence o'erflow'd;
" Oh hadſt thou, cruel! heard him ſpeak!

" Yet I, who heard, his truſt betray'd;
" My lord's ambition kindled mine;
" By that reſiſtleſs paſſion ſway'd,
" O'erjoy'd we ſaw his ſtar decline.

" The guilty ſecret lies conceal'd
" Beneath our rival's pall no more;
" Now, by theſe dying lips reveal'd,
" Trembling, thy pardon I implore."

Th' invenom'd arrow in her side,
Eliza from the chamber ran,
And thus in frantic tones replied,
"Heav'n may forgive, I never can."

CARDINAL WOLSEY's LAMENTATION,

ON ENTERING LEICESTER ABBEY AFTER HIS DISGRACE.

AN

HISTORICAL BALLAD.

HAIL! time-worn tow'rs, congenial ruins, hail!
For in your graſs-grown courts, and mould'ring cells,
Your tott'ring arches, and your columns frail,
Of my ſad fate the mournful image dwells.

'T was mine to riſe pre-eminent like you;
(Why, buſy Memory, revive the paſt?)
Detain the traveller's applauding view,
Reflect the ſun-beam, and repel the blaſt.

Like you, o'er half a realm my ſhadow fell;
Secure, like you, I mock'd the fable cloud;
Like you, unmov'd, heard mutt'ring thunder ſwell,
Retorting ev'ry peal in echoes loud.

Meanwhile a faithleſs ſpring, with ſilent courſe,
My deep foundation ſlowly undermin'd;
And, lo! what once withſtood a whirlwind's force,
Feels the light breath of ev'ry ſummer wind.

Hail, holy fathers! look with pitying eyes
On the dim cloſe of Wolſey's bright career;
Waft on the wings of pray'r his parting ſighs;
Sooth his perturbed ſpirit with a tear.

Will you permit a poor forlorn old man,
Within the ſhelter of this calm retreat,
To linger out his life's remaining ſpan,
And lay his weary bones beneath your feet?

There, where in mournful ſweep yon willows wave,
And ſeem, low murmuring, to chide my ſtay,
With hallow'd hands prepare a decent grave;
But let no pompous rites inſult my clay.

Oh! had I ſerv'd my God with half the zeal
Each word and action for my king declar'd,
He had not left me in mine age to feel
The deep reverſe mine enemies prepar'd.

Sav'd from the fev'riſh toil for pow'r and praiſe,
More elevated aims *your* lives employ,
The ſilent current of whoſe tranquil days
Flows to the ocean of eternal joy;

While my reſounding, rapid, headlong courſe,
May to Perdition's dreary gulf have led,
Though Nature's hand adorn'd the copious ſource,
And vivid laurels by the ſtream were fed.

Your maſſy gates, ye pious brethren, cloſe;
No more for Wolſey ſhall their hinges grate;
Here ſhall his duſt, ere long, in peace repoſe—
His ſpirit flown to try her doubtful fate.

ON THE DEATH OF

THE REV. MR. COXE,

WHO WAS KILLED BY THE ACCIDENTAL DISCHARGE OF A GUN.

ALONG the Derwent's rifted ſhore
Heard ye the note of Sorrow ſwell?
Heard ye the thrilling cadence pour
From Echo's ſoft reſponſive ſhell?

No wayward boſom ſought relief,
Deploring viſionary woes;
From deep-enrooted, poignant grief,
The ſad and ſolemn ſounds aroſe.

For, lo! a ſudden ſummons came,
And Coxe, alas! was ſnatch'd away;
This moment health illum'd his frame—
The next, a bleeding corſe he lay.

Was it for thee, mild ſaint, to fall
Victim to War's deſtructive art?
Some demon ſure inſpir'd the ball
That pierc'd thy philanthropic heart.

Could Virtue's form, imprinted fair,
That conſecrated ſpot have ſav'd,
Still hadſt thou breath'd the vital air,
And Fate's malignant arrows brav'd;

Still had thy converſe chas'd away
The fiends that life's ſhort dream annoy,
Serene, inſtructive, wiſe, and gay,
Perpetual ſpring of ſocial joy.

Her health-reſtoring wave to grace,
Where Matlock's wild-wood ſteeps ariſe,
Still ſhould thy quick perception trace
Beauties unſeen by common eyes:

Enwrapt in Fancy's airy dream,
Still ſhould thy wand'ring footſteps reſt
Where yon bold rock o'erhangs the ſtream
In pendent plants profuſely dreſt:

And in yon ſimple, ruſtic fane,
Still ſhould we find thy pious care
Impreſſing on th' unletter'd ſwain
The latent ſenſe of ev'ry pray'r.

No flimſy, vain, theatric art,
Thy pulpit eloquence debas'd;
'T was warm and ardent as thy heart,
Correct and claſſic as thy taſte.

Far as thy pow'r could e'er extend,
'T was thine the ſick'ning ſoul to cheer;
The wretched found an active friend;
The guilty drew a pitying tear.

For this did fav'ring Heav'n ordain
Thou ſhouldſt in diſſolution know
Nor keen regret, nor ling'ring pain:—
'T was the ſurvivors felt the blow.

THE

ORPHAN's PETITION.

How heavy fall the melting ſnows,
That chill my boſom bare!
How loud and ſhrill the tempeſt blows,
That whiſtles in my hair!

With froſt benumb'd, with hunger faint,
Nor fire nor food have I;
Oh! liſten to my feeble plaint,
And hear the orphan's cry.

Low in his grave my father lies,
Nor ſees how I 'm diſtreſs'd;
Clos'd are my mother's placid eyes
In everlaſting reſt.

In honeſt toil or cheerful eaſe
Their harmleſs lives they ſpent,
By Love inſtructed how to pleaſe,
By Labour taught content.

Of Grief we ſcarcely knew the name;
For ſtill ſhe ſhunn'd our door,
Till Sickneſs ſeiz'd my father's frame,
And Joy was ſeen no more.

Solemn, not dreadful, was his end,
Cloſe of a well-ſpent life:
To Heav'n I heard him recommend
His child and hapleſs wife.

No tear *her* vacant eye could give;
As ſinking by his ſide
She look'd at me, and wiſh'd to live;
She gaz'd on him—and died.

Then, ah! protect a friendleſs child,
And hear the orphan's cry,
Tranſplant me from the deſert wild,
To bloom beneath your eye.

LINES
WRITTEN ON A
STORMY NIGHT.

WAKEFUL I liſten to the beating rain,
And mark the mingling tumult of the ſtorm,
While Ocean trembles through his dark domain,
And daſhing waves inceſſant murmurs form.

Now the wild blaſt awakens pallid fear,
While birds ill-omen'd flap the ebon wing;
Now through the ſullen gale, in Fancy's ear,
The piteous moans of dying ſeamen ring.

Unhappy they, who, on the ſea-beat ſhore,
Where howls the tempeſt with reſiſtleſs ſweep,
In ſilent grief an abſent friend deplore,
And muſe o'er all the terrors of the deep.

Oft ſhall their boſoms vibrate to the blaſt;
Oft ſhall they view the main with ſad affright;
Danger to them in giant mold is caſt;
To them, eternal ſeems the joyleſs night.

Oh may the object of their fond alarms,
As to propitious winds he ſpreads the ſail,
Woo'd by fair Hope, in all her blaze of charms,
Defy the tempeſt, and enjoy the gale!

A LETTER

TO

MISS ——, IN EDINBURGH,

AT THE TIME OF HER MARRIAGE.

WHILE climes untried thy roving ſteps invite,
And Love's tranſporting vows thine ear delight,
While freſh ideas from each object pour,
To add new treaſures to thy mental ſtore,
While he who flutter'd * firſt thy little heart,
Of that dear manſion claims the warmeſt part,

* "While, like an eagle in a dovecote, I
"*Flutter'd* your Volſcians in Corioli."—CORIOLANUS.

Say, does the tender thought e'er dwell on me,
Whoſe hov'ring fancy ceaſeleſs follows thee,
And while tempeſtuous ſeas between us roll,
Points to the north, thyſelf th' attractive pole.

Canſt thou from preſent joys e'er ſteal an hour,
To worſhip Mem'ry in her ſecret bow'r,
And trace the ſcenes we have together known,
Since faithful Friendſhip mark'd us for her own?
Ah! pauſe a moment on that varied year,
To Meleſina's heart for ever dear,
When to fair England's coaſt we ſhap'd our way,
Intent her lovelieſt features to ſurvey.
Again let Fancy lead to Studley's ſhades,
Her tufted foreſts, and her op'ning glades;
Again, the calm ſequeſter'd valley tread,
Where Fountain Abbey rears its ſhelter'd head,
Lovely in ruin, harmoniz'd by Time,
Whoſe pencil blends the ſoft with the ſublime:

There ſhining ivy the dim cloiſter crowns,
The pointed arch in Gothic grandeur frowns,
The ſlender aſh 'mid cluſter'd pillars waves,
And ſhiver'd columns nod o'er moſſy graves.
Again revive the blended notes we ſung,
As o'er the Nidd's romantic ſtream we hung;
Again the Derwent's winding tide ſurvey,
Whoſe lofty banks unnumber'd charms diſplay,
Where the pale rock through vivid foliage peeps,
And glowing berries paint incumbent ſteeps:
Or if theſe rural ſcenes no longer move,
The ball-room's recollected pleaſures prove,
Where pendent tapers ſhed a double day,
And, if not happy, all at leaſt were gay;
Where Love, oft aiming at our eaſy hearts,
Twang'd his light bow, but ſtill withheld his darts;
Where frequent we the frolic dance have weav'd,
And ev'ry flatterer with ſmiles believ'd:
Yet not ſo charm'd, but we could well retire
To ſeek our ſlender board, our ſocial fire,

There talk the remnant of the night away,
Provok'd and ſtartled by unwelcome day.

Say, doſt thou pant theſe moments to renew,
And the full ſtream of converſe to purſue?
Say, with unchang'd affection, wilt thou hear
The voice that once was muſic to thine ear?
Or, haſt thou doom'd our long-tried love to end,
And in the miſtreſs quite forgot the friend?

Perhaps, e'en now, the awful vow has paſt
Thy trembling lips—thy future lot is caſt;
"Death, only Death, can break the laſting chain,"
Great pledge of higheſt bliſs, or ſharpeſt pain.
But fair thy proſpects: eight long years of love,
Unfed by Hope, no common paſſion prove.
May he who felt it, ever be the ſame;
And may the wing of Time but fan the flame,
When all Life's idle vanities are o'er,
And ſong, and dance, and beauty charm no more!

Still may it ſhine with one unclouded ray,
Diffuſe a luſtre on thy cloſing day,
Triumphant then to happier worlds ariſe,
And blaze for ever in ſerener ſkies!

REPLY

TO ——,

WHO DECLARED THE WRITER COULD NEVER MEET A FAITHLESS LOVER.

RISING in many a borrow'd name,
While Vanity's pernicious flame
Plays round my heart, wilt thou conſpire,
My long-lov'd friend, to fan the fire?
No! let the prating coxcomb raiſe,
With empty breath, the tranſient blaze;
Let him in phraſes learnt by rote,
On ev'ry feature ſeem to dote,
His anguiſh mourn in cheerful tone,
And praiſe my voice to hear his own;

But thou, to nobler purpoſe made,
Who need'ſt not flatter to perſuade,
No more, my friend, in dulcet verſe,
Imaginary charms rehearſe;
No more aſcribe to them the force
Of counteracting Nature's courſe,
Nor vow, that I alone ſhall prove
The joys, without the pangs, of love.

Go, ſearch the univerſe around,
Whate'er moſt exquiſite is found,
Some lurking evil ſtill attends—
Some dragon ſtill the fruit defends.
On Sicily's delicious iſle
The Seaſons all united ſmile:
See Flora's hand profuſely fling
The roſy treaſures of the ſpring;
While ruby-lipt Pomona pours
The ſummer's gay, luxuriant ſtores,

And Ceres waves her golden hair,
As 'twere eternal autumn there;
Yet in this region of delight,
So ſweet to ſenſe, ſo fair to ſight,
Not wreaths of incenſe-breathing flow'rs,
Nor citron groves, nor myrtle bow'rs,
Nor ſmiling harveſts, can aſſuage
The dread Volcano's headlong rage;
Behold the fiery torrent fall,
And one vaſt deluge cover all.

Thus, while with jocund ſtep we rove
Along th' enchanted wilds of Love,
A little moment may deſtroy
The highly colour'd ſcene of joy,
And bid the fairy viſions fade,
Wrapt in Deſpair's involving ſhade.

Guard me, kind Fate, from each extreme
Teach me to ſhun th' infectious theme,

And give my tranquil hours to roll
Free from this tyrant of the ſoul.

No need, for thee, of ſuch a pray'r,
Thee, fickle ſlave to many a fair:
Variety's ſoft healing balm
Can Love's inſidious venom calm,
With gentle force extract the dart,
Nor leave a trace to ſear the heart.
Howe'er her flutt'ring wing reſtrain
From Friendſhip's pure and hallow'd fane;
There, with unfading myrtles crown'd,
And flow'ry fetters lightly bound,
To Conſtancy, celeſtial maid,
Be all thy adoration paid.

TO A

FAITHLESS WOMAN:

WRITTEN IN THE NAME, AND AT THE REQUEST OF A FRIEND.

WHEN firſt I felt, with fond ſurpriſe,
The magic of thy forceful eyes,
With ev'ry hope and wiſh combin'd,
Thy image ſunk upon my mind;
When firſt I heard thy tuneful tongue,
Entranc'd on ev'ry word I hung,
And in my heart an echo found,
Reſponſive to the ſilver ſound;
But ſay, what language can diſcloſe
The tranſport in my boſom roſe,

When firſt thoſe melting tones confeſt
An equal paſſion in thy breaſt?

My former life a blank appear'd,
Inſipid, joyleſs, unendear'd;
For Love compell'd me to deſpiſe
All that my ſoul had learnt to prize;
He flaſh'd his torch acroſs my ſight,
Eclipſing Friendſhip's paler light,
Check'd the aſpiring wiſh for Fame,
Extinguiſh'd wild Ambition's flame,
Each rival paſſion lull'd to reſt,
And reign'd triumphant in my breaſt;
Alas! his throne he there maintains,
Nor can thy falſehood break my chains;
Purſu'd by thee through ev'ry clime,
Whate'er is lovely, bright, ſublime,
Whate'er can ſtrong ſenſations dart,
Expand the mind, or touch the heart,

Conveys thy image to my ſoul,
And bids the tide of anguiſh roll.

Think not I would thy pity move,
Or meanly ſeek returning love;
Or court the hand that flung the dart,
An healing balſam to impart;
No—let my rival, hapleſs boy,
His tranſient hour of bliſs enjoy;
In pangs like theſe he ſoon ſhall mourn,
Like me betray'd, like me forlorn.
I know the heart that could reſign
A love ſo pure, ſo ſtrong as mine,
Henceforth condemn'd for life to range,
Shall feel no pleaſure but in change.

Unhappy ſtate! my wrongs forgot,
I learn to mourn thy future lot,
Of ev'ry fop the conqueſt made,
By turns betraying and betray'd;

I ſee thee to the grave deſcend,
Without a lover or a friend.
No tender tear ſhall bathe thy tomb,
Unleſs, perchance, through midnight gloom,
(Should Death a willing victim ſpare,
Condemn'd the load of life to bear,)
I there may ſteal to watch and weep,
Lull ev'ry jealous pang to ſleep,
Thy errors mourn, thy fate deplore,
And bid reſentment wake no more.

TO LADY L——,

ON RECEIVING FROM HER A TOY WHICH HAD BELONGED TO A DEPARTED FRIEND.

THE lighteſt gift that Friendſhip makes,
A brittle ſhell, a fading flow'r,
From *her* ſoft touch a value takes
Above the dreams of wealth or pow'r.

But if the ſhell, the flow'r, were known,
In ſcenes of bliſs, too fair to laſt,
They boaſt a magic all their own,
And give exiſtence to the paſt.

Alas! each blended charm endears
To *my* fond heart this ſimple toy,
Beſtow'd by her my ſoul reveres,
Memorial of departed joy.

SONNET.

WRITTEN ON THE SEA-SHORE.

I LOVE to chaſe the gently-ebbing wave,
O'er the light-furrow'd ſand retiring ſlow,
Where ſoft and pure mild ev'ning breezes blow,
Each rude wind ſlumb'ring in his rocky cave:
Fair, blue-ey'd ſea-nymphs here delight to lave,
Emerging from the flood, with warmer glow;
And, hark! I hear their choral cadence flow,
As on they ſweep, ſome tide-worn bark to ſave.

While wide diffus'd, the melting muſic floats,
Melodious requiem to departing day,
The warbled languiſh * of their liquid notes
Fades on the raptur'd ear, and dies away.
Thus hope awakes her ſweet illuſive lyre,
To ſounds that charm, and, as they charm, expire.

* "Their eyes' blue languiſh, and their golden hair."
COLLINS.

SONNET.

ON LEAVING THE COTTAGE OF LADY E—— B—— AND MISS P——.

DEAR Mem'ry, guardian of each paſt delight,
Whoſe voice recalls the fleeting form of joy,
Select ſuch tints as Time can ne'er deſtroy,
And in unfading hues, ſerenely bright,
The laviſh beauties of that vale unite,
Where Friendſhip (only bliſs unapt to cloy),
Taſte, Science, Converſe, all their ſpells employ,
And urge the circling hours with rapid flight.

The ſoft enchantment of the ſcene renew,
Re-echo oft the harp's melodious tale;
Inſpir'd by thee, I ſtill ſhall fondly view
The ſweet recluſes of Llangollen vale,
Still catch the accents of their laſt adieu,
And ſtill their mountain-boſom'd cottage hail.

SONNET.

TO ——,

IN ANSWER TO A LETTER OF ADVICE.

THE feelings of a thankful heart,
For him who can ſo ſweetly blend
Th' unerring guide and partial friend,
This timid voice would fain impart.

Not the lone pilgrim, doom'd to ſtray
Where frowning cliffs o'erhang the deep,
No voice to warn him from the ſteep,
No ſtar to guide his cheerleſs way,

Can with more grateful ardour glow,
When ſudden meteors o'er the ſkies,
In ſtreaming brilliancy ariſe,
And point the precipice below.

Thy counſels thus Life's doubtful path illume,
Mark the ſafe road, and chaſe the fatal gloom.

SONNET.

TRANQUILLITY.

DULL'D are thoſe poignant feelings, once ſo keen,
Of pow'r t' invenom Sorrow's thrilling dart;
The kindling bluſh no longer they impart,
Subdue my voice, or diſcompoſe my mien.
A not unpleaſing languor, calm, ſerene,
Glides through my veins, and ſtills my tranquil heart,
Bids Expectation's reſtleſs form depart,
And drops the curtain on Life's buſy ſcene:
For no fond cares to this vain world are due;
Short and illuſive all its bliſs appears.
Bright as the rainbow on a diſtant view,
Hope's airy medium ev'ry joy endears;
But while th' enticing phantoms we purſue,
They fade in miſts, or they diſſolve in tears.

SONNET.

FROM THE ITALIAN.

PENSIVE and ſad, with bleeding heart I roam
O'er the Ionian ſea's cerulean ſpace,
While far from Arno's vale, my pleaſant home,
The footſteps of illuſive Hope I chaſe.

For no propitious breeze aſcend my ſighs;
Unmark'd by me may Ocean foam or ſleep:—
Who feels a tempeſt in his boſom riſe,
Unmov'd beholds the fury of the deep.

The pilot gazing on my tearful eyes,
With friendly accent bids me ceaſe to weep:
"Safe is our little bark," he joyful cries,
"Though winds may rave, and threat'ning billows ſweep."

Safe is our little bark!—ſo am not I,
Condemn'd Misfortune's coming ſtorm to fly.

SONNET.

LET others court the cypreſs gloom,
  There gaze on Cynthia's pallid beam,
Hang o'er the grief-recording tomb,
  Or wander near the haunted ſtream.

Let others trill the ſong of woe,
  And tell their plaintive tale aloud;
Alas! my tears refuſe to flow,
  I claim no pity from the crowd;

Nor vainly ſtrive, by foreign aid,
  To ſharpen Sorrow's poiſon'd dart:
Alike the ſunſhine or the ſhade,
  When recent woes oppreſs the heart.

Then the white hours, in ſummer's beſt array,
Seem but to lead—a longer winter's day.

SONNET.

TO FANCY.

CEASE, Fancy, ceaſe, tormenting maid,
To paint ideal woe;
Why chooſe for me the darkeſt ſhade
Thy varied pencils know?

From mournful views in vain I've fled
And turn'd my languid eyes,
If, on thy magic canvaſs ſpread,
Scenes yet more gloomy riſe.

To break a heart that ſeeks relief,
Why uſe thy cruel ſkill?
Enough this boſom knows of grief,
Enough of real ill.

Then bring gay dreams to cheat the ſenſe of pain,
Pleas'd I'll embrace the dear deceitful train.

SONNET.

SUPPOSED TO BE WRITTEN BY WERTER.

ANOTHER has thy heart; then let me chaſe
Illuſive Hope! yet, Charlotte, tell me why,
Whene'er we meet, the love-reſembling ſigh
Steals from thy coral lips, and o'er thy face
The waving bluſh, with tranſitory grace,
Sheds roſes, while the radiance of thine eye,
Like meteors ſtreaming from a northern ſky,
Flaſhes electric. Tremulous I trace
Each varying charm, and with a wayward ſmile,
Tranſmuting preſent bliſs to future ill,
Extract delicious poiſon: o'er my ſoul
Inebriate then, what beauteous viſions roll,
But leave me ſolitary, darkling, chill,
While ſad realities the vacuum fill.

THE END.

SONNET.

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